

of vanity and woe. I will continue in it no longer !”

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which despair had armed with a dagger, to strike it deep into his bosom ; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a Being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling Califf, and said, with a majestic smile, “ Follow me to the top of yonder mountain.”

“ Look from hence, said the heavenly conductor, I am Coloe, the angel of peace ; look from hence into the vale below.”

Bozaldab obeyed, and beheld a barren, sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure : it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries, nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert ; and begging the protection of heaven against the tygers that would certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected, to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use ; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting-sun ; and

to make a signal to any ship that might fortunately approach the island.

“ Inhabitant of heaven, cried Bozaldab, suffer not this wretch to perish by the wild beasts.” “ Peace, said the angel, observe.”

He looked again, and beheld a vessel approach the desolate isle. What would paint the rapture of the starving merchant when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels in his casket ! Not that he had this mercilefs commander received more than stipulated sum, than he held a conference with his crew, and they agreed to divide the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy merchant in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they first discovered him. He trembled, intreated and implored,--

“ Will heaven permit such injustice to be practised !” (exclaimed Bozaldab) “ No,” again, said the angel, and behold a ship, in which, short sighted as thou wast, thou wishedst the merchant might be dashed in pieces on a rock : dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors ? dost thou not direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man who thou hast pitied shall be taken from his solitude, but not by the method thou hast prescribed. His vice was avarice by